And here is come to doe some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee Boy.
Page. O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am slaine: if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County *Paris*!
What said my man when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, a Lanthorne slaughtred youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they beene mer
A lightning before de
Call this a lightning?
Death that hath suckt
Hath had no power y
Thou art not conquer
Is crimson in thy lips,
And deaths pale flag i
Tibalt, lyest thou ther
O what more favour
Than with that hand
To sunder his that wa
Forgive me cousin. Ah
Why art thou yet so f
Shall I beleeve that un
And that the lean abh
Thee here in darke to
For feare of that I still
And never from this pa
Depart againe: here, h
With wormes that are
Will I set up my ever
And shake the yoke of
From this world-weari
Armes take your last e
The doores of breath, s
A dateless bargaine t
Come bitter conduct,
Thou desperate Pilot,
The dashing rockes thy
Here's to my Love. O
Thy drugs are quicke.

Enter Frier, wit

Fri. Saint *Francis* b
Have my old feet stumb